ART OF LIFE.

In Imitation of HORACE's ART *of* POETRY.

In TWO EPISTLES.

EPISTLE *the* FIRST.

Respicere exemplar Vitæ, morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatorem, et veras inducere voces. Hor.

By Mr. *MILLER.*

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THE ART OF LIFE

TO

GODFRET CLARK, Eſq;

SIR,

AS there is no One living who leſs ſtands in need of Rules for the Conduct of Life than Your Self, ſo there is no One whoſe Patronage could give a ſtronger Sanction to ſuch Rules.

A young Gentleman ſetting out in the World, with a Fortune ample enough to ſatiate the greateſt Profuſion of Youth, or Avarice of Old Age, and yet ſteering ſo regularly betwixt thoſe Extremes, that 'tis difficult to determine whether Munificence or Moderation, Good-ſenſe or Good-nature are his moſt diſtinguiſhing Accompliſhments; One ſo early diſcovering and deſpiſing the

the common Cheats which are put upon Life, exempt from all thoſe falſe Taſtes which opulent Youth is ſo generally Heir to, and manifeſting a univerſal Simplicity and Decorum in Manners, Converſation and Dreſs; ſuch a living aimiable Example as this, SIR, is of much more powerful Influence than the ſtrongeſt Precepts; and, deigning to patronize them, gives 'em a Force almoſt irreſiſtible. 'Tis upon this Account, SIR, that the following Performance pleads a natural Claim to Your Protection, at the ſame time that it is meant as a grateful Acknowledgment for many Favours, particularly the Honour of a ſhare in Your Friendſhip, conferr'd on,

SIR,

Your moſt obliged

humble Servant,

JAMES MILLER.

THE ART OF LIFE.

B

THE
ART of LIFE.

SHOU'D hum'rous *Hogarth*, from a knaviſh Plan,
Sketch out a *Portrait-Satire* upon Man,
Give it two Legs, and juſt a Human Shape,
His GRACE's Grin expreſſive of an Ape,
Timon's Swine-Snout, Sir *Samuel*'s Stag-like Front,
Then clap Lord *Simper*'s Aſs's Ears upon't;
Wou'dn't you ſhake your Sides, my Friend, to ſee
The wild, drole Medley of Abſurdity?

Such, *CLARK*, is He, whoſe inconſiſtent Life
With Truth and Nature daily is at ſtrife;
Turn'd by no Bias, pointed to no Goal,
Spendthrift alike of Body and of Soul;
Whoſe Thoughts, like ſick Men's Dreams, his Actions ſteer,
Spur'd by *vain* Hope, or curb'd by *groundleſs* Fear;
Diſeas'd his nat'ral, dead his moral Pow'rs,
Who *lives not*, only *kills* ſo many Hours.

Yet, as in *Painting* ſo in *Life*, you'll ſay
'Tis great ſometimes to quit the formal Way;

To

DE
ARTE POETICA.

HUMANO capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere ſi velit, et varias inducere plumas
Undique collatis membris; ut turpiter atrum
Deſinat in piſcem mulier formoſa ſuperné;
Spectatum admiſſi riſum teneatis amici?

Credite, Piſones, iſti tabulæ fore librum
Perſimilem, cujus, velut ægri ſomnia, *vanæ*
Fingentur ſpecies; ut nec pes, nec caput uni
Reddatur formæ. ——

——— *Pictoribus atque Poëtis*
Quidlibet audendi ſemper fuit æqua poteſtas.

Scimus,

To let the *Genius* boldly launch abroad,
Beyond the rigid Pedant's ſtated Road.
Yes---- but the ſooner you return again,
If not the *bolder*, you're the *wiſer* Men.
Some *ſhort* Excurſions all excuſe, and make,
But *Truth*'s *high Road* we muſt not long forſake.
For as each Flow'r in Nature ſpeaks its Root,
So, born the Man, you muſt not act the Brute.
Play, when you do, with Reaſon play the Fool,
Deviate with Judgment, and tranſgreſs by Rule;
And not, like witty witleſs *W---n*, join
The Rebel, Patriot, Atheiſt, and Divine.

Some with ſuch vaſt Expence and Pomp ſet out,
They're ruin'd ere they know what they're about:
Where Mountains ſtood they bid new Plains appear,
Plant *Venus* Groves, and Fanes to *Bacchus* rear:
Call diſtant Streams from ancient Banks aſtray
To grace their Lawns, and from their Fountains play:
Then range the Borders of the *Rhine* and *Po*,
Bedeck'd with all the Stains of *Iris*' Bow.
Was there a Fund ſufficient,---- mighty well!
But tell me, *Umbra*, is it right to ſell
Your old paternal Acres, thus to roam,
And bring the Dregs of foreign Climates home?
What tho' you boaſt your high-trac'd Pedigree,
Or ſhew your *Flanders* Lace, and *French Toupee*,
Will this, pray, ſtop a ſurly Cit's Demand?
Cancel a Bond, or pay a Note of Hand?

Scimus, et hanc veniam petimuſque damuſque viciſſim:
Sed non ut placidis coeant immitia, non ut
Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni.

Inceptis gravibus *plerumque, et* magna profeſſis
Purpureus, late qui ſplendeat, unus et alter
Aſſuitur pannus: cum lucus, et ara Dianæ,
Et properantis aquæ per amœnos ambitus agros,
Aut flumen Rhenum, *aut* pluvius *deſcribitur* arcus.
Sed nunc non erat his locus: et fortaſſe cupreſſum
Scis ſimulare: *quid hoc, ſi fractis enatat exſpes*
Navibus, ære dato qui pingitur? ——

Why in a *Coach and Six* firſt vainly blaze,
Then, bluſhing, truckle to a *One-Horſe Chaiſe?*
No, let calm Judgment ev'ry Scene controll,
And make of all Life's Parts *one* ſimple *Whole.*

We're oft deluded by the Shew of Right.
Clito turn'd Coxcomb to be thought Polite;
Harpie for Prudence Avarice miſtook;
And *Shylock* to ſeem Notable's a Rook;
Sir *George* from pure Good-nature is a Cully,
And wou'd-be-valiant *Beſſus* is a Bully.
Whilſt ſome, thro' Pride, will *ſingular* appear,
And think it mean to be what others are;
Then vary, chop, and ſhift to that degree,
They're *conſtant* ſtill to what they *ſhould not be*;
Cynicks at *Court*, in *Parliament* Buffoons,
Fops at the *Hague*, and at the *Louvre* Clowns.

When, void of Art, the *Golden Mean* we quit,
Flying *one Vice*, *another* we commit.

Near *Hyde-Park-corner* a known Sculptor lives,
Who all *due Members* to his *Marble* gives;
Nay hits the *Nails*, and mimicks well the *Hair*,
But can't, like *Rysbrack*, ſtamp the Mien and Air,
Light up the Soul reſplendent in the Face,
Or o'er the ripening Form diffuſe a Grace.
Rather than act, in Life, his low cold Part,
Void of the Dint of Thought, or Warmth of Heart,

I'd

——————— Amphora *cœpit*
Inſtitui, currente rota, *cur* urceus *exit?*
Denique ſit, quod vis, ſimplex dumtaxat et unum.

Maxima pars vatum, pater et juvenes patre digni,
Decipimur ſpecie recti: brevis eſſe laboro,
Obſcurus fio; ſectantem levia, nervi
Deficiunt, animique; profeſſus grandia, turget;
Serpit hami tutas nimium, timiduſque procellæ.

Qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam,
Delphinum ſylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.

In vitium ducit culpæ fuga, ſi caret arte.

Æmilium circa ludum faber imus et ungues
Exprimet, et molles imitabitur ære capillos:
Infelix operis, ſumma: quia ponere totum
Neſciet.
----Hunc ego me, ſi quid componere curem

I'd wear Sir F--g's black Hair and greaſy Cloaths,
And, *H*-----*r*, thy Face with *Japhet*'s Noſe.

Search your own Pow'rs, your Bent of Genius try,
Thence learn what Life to chuſe, and what to fly;
Since you've a thouſand Ends you may purſue,
A thouſand Proſpects opening to your View,
Weigh each with care; each in *each Light* explore,
Then chuſe within the Height that you can ſoar.
Thus when the Spring's proportion'd to the Wheels,
When what the Part requires the Actor feels,
Method and Grace will ev'ry Step attend,
Refine your Pleaſures, and your Toils befriend;
Conduct you on with Caution, yet with Force,
To the wiſh'd Goal that terminates your Courſe.

Beauty from Order ſprings, Order from Care
Of ſtill remembring *what* we are, and *where*;
With juſt Regard to Time and Place behave,
Laugh with the Laughers, with the Grave be grave,
To *All* be *all things*, but the *Fool* or *Knave*.
A harmleſs Complaiſance is ſtill allow'd,
We ſometimes muſt bow down to *Baal-Crowd*:
With *Catius* eating ---why, I laud the *Haunch*,
At *Silvio*'s Table am a *Sportſman* ſtaunch;
With ſocial *Heartly* venture *Mirth* and *Wit*,
But with cloſe *Allgripe* am a *downright Cit*:
If with the *Dean* whoſe Noddle's hourly rack'd
For muſty Jokes, by his great Grannum crack'd,
Whilſt o'er his Phiz inſipid, creeps a Sneer,
Low-ſimp'ring, like the Froth on flat Small-beer,

Non magis esse velim, quam pravo vivere naso,
Spectandum, nigris oculis, nigroque capillo.

Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, æquam
Viribus: et versate diu, quid ferre recusent,
Quid valeant humeri. -------

-------- *Cui lecta potenter erit res,*
Nec facundia deseret hunc, nec lucidus ordo.

Ordinis hæc virtus erit, et Venus, aut ego fallor,

I let him joke; or elſe, what's worſe, he'd write,
And plague the Preſs in Senſe and Nature's ſpite.
Hear then, ye Youth, whoſe Boſoms pant for Fame,
Who'd yield fair Promiſe of a deathleſs Name,
Forethink, with care, what's proper to be ſaid,
Or done the preſent Hour; what's beſt delay'd;
Judge and rejudge, graſp This, and That deſpiſe,
Your Eye ſtill fix'd on the enchanting Prize.

In coining Faſhions ne'er uſurp a Sway;
Yet loyally the reigning Mode obey:
But if ſome fair Occaſion gives you room
To grace the Labours of your Country's Loom,
Britannia's Sterling Products to advance,
And baniſh all the Tinſel Traſh of *France*,
Then, then, ye *Albion* Chiefs, exert your Might,
The firſt in Faſhion then's the moſt Polite.
Or if, ye Fair! you'd æmulate a Dreſs,
Which might a ſtronger Modeſty expreſs,
Tow'rds ev'ry delicate *Reſerve* defy
The vain Approach of the unhallow'd Eye;
Bravely reſtore, to your immortal Praiſe,
The decent Garb of chaſte *Eliza*'s Days;
Why is to You their Heirs in all beſide,
That elegant *Simplicity* deny'd,
Which CECIL then, and SEYMOUR own'd their Pride?
Or why ſhould Foplings Scoul upon my Pen,
If, wiſhing foreign Lux'ry to reſtrain,
It toils to cheriſh home-bred Arts again,

Since

Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici
Pleraque differat, et præſens in tempus omittat.
Hoc amet, hoc ſpernat promiſſi carminis auctor.

In verbis etiam tenuis, cautuſque ſerendis,
Dixeris egregie, notum ſi callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum. Si forte neceſſe eſt

Indiciis monſtrare recentibus abdita rerum;
Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis
Continget; dabiturque licentia ſumpta pudenter:
Et nova fictaque nuper habebunt verba fidem, ſi
Græco fonte cadant, parce detorta. *Quid autem*
Cæcilio, Plautoque dabit Romanus, ademptum
Virgilio Varioque? ego cur acquirere pauca
Si poſſum, invideor? ----

Since * *Sloan* and *Spenſer* have enrich'd the Land
With Webs unmatch'd by any foreign Hand.

The Foreſt's lofty Sons, who late were ſeen
Cloath'd in a proud Attire of vernal Green,
Paſt a few Months, their modeſt Limbs *now* ſhow
Clad in a clay-cold Fleece of Virgin Snow;
Ev'n Time itſelf is but a longer Day,
A paſſing *Stream* that hourly glides away;
Whilſt we're the *Bubbles* on the liquid Plain,
That riſe by turns, but to ſink down again.
There's nought ſo fix'd but what a Change muſt prove,
Lo, to *Fleet-Ditch Stocks-Market* muſt remove!
And in its room ſome future Age will ſee,
If haply *rival Maſons* may agree,
A tow'ring Manſion for the good Lord-Mayor,
Tho' not *the Alderman that's next the Chair.*
Whilſt that drain'd barren Sluice, whoſe ſable Strea[redacted]
" Late roll'd her Tribute of dead Dogs to *Thames*,
Prolifick now, the neighb'ring Ward ſupplies
With the rich Offſpring of th' indulgent Skies.
So *this Day*'s Mode muſt to *To-morrow*'s yield;
And *Yeſterday*'s from That regain the Field.

Whate'er to Courts and Politicks relate,
The Deeds of Kings, and Miniſters of State,
Of Depredations, Treaties, and Conventions,
And, 'twixt the *In* and *Out*, what dire Contentions,
From ſage Debates of Lords and Commons learn ---
Yet make it, as your *leaſt*, your *laſt* Concern.

* *Two eminent Weavers.*

Of

---------- *Cum* lingua Catonis, et Ennî
Sermonem patrium ditaverit, et nova rerum
Nomina protulerit?

Ut ſylvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos,
Prima cadunt; ita verborum vetus interit ætas,
Et juvenum ritu florent modo nata vigentque.
Debemur morti nos, noſtraque; *ſive receptus*
Terrâ Neptunus, claſſes Aquilonibus arcet,
Regis opus; ſteriliſve diu palus, aptaque remis
Vicinas urbes alit, et grave ſentit aratrum:
Seu curſum mutavit iniquum frugibus amnis,
Doctus iter melius. Mortalia facta peribunt:
Nedum ſermonum ſtet honos, et gratia vivax.
Multa renaſcentur, quæ jam cecidêre, cadentque
Quæ nunc ſunt in honore vocabula, ſi volet uſus;
Quem penes arbitrium eſt, et jus, et norma loquendi.

Res geſtæ Regumque, Ducumque, et triſtia bella
Quo ſcribi poſſent numero, monſtravit Homerus.

Of old our Citizens complain'd of War,
'Tis now their only Joy, their only Pray'r.
If granted, or *in vain* our Fleet ſent out,
Tho' ſome *dim ſighted* Politicians doubt,
We truſt th' Event will make all *Europe* know
DON HADDOCK's *England*'s ableſt PLENIPO.

A righteous Rage at our degen'rate Days,
Arm'd *Pope* with his *own* keen *Iambick* Lays,
To ſcourge th' enormous Folly o' the Times,
And make the Vicious tremble at his Rhimes.
With like Succeſs, but not with like Deſert,
Our *Sock* and *Buskin Bards* have ap'd his Art;
Each Vice, by turns, flies bleeding from *his* Stroke,
But *Politicks* alone *their* Stings provoke;
Whilſt at each ſquinting Scene, or full-mouth'd Trap,
Pit, Box and Galleries, thunder out a Clap.

Hark! *Handel* ſtrikes the Lyre --- He whom the *Nine*
Have crown'd ſole Prince of Harmony Divine:
Now ſacred Themes his ſacred Strains employ,
And pour upon the Soul Seraphick Joy.
Hear * *David* ſooth the Phrenſy of the King,
In Sounds as ſweet as *David*'s Self could ſing;
When *Samuel*'s boding Notes his Heart appall,
We ſtand aghaſt, and tremble too with *Saul*;
And when the ſolemn Fun'ral March moves on
To plaintive Chords, whilſt *David* joins his Moan
Lamenting *Saul* and *Jonathan* his Son,
How are the Mighty fall'n! we ſighing cry,
And Tears ſpontaneous guſh from ev'ry Eye.

* *Vide* Saul, *an* Oratorio, *ſet to Muſick by Mr.* Handel.

Now

Verſibus impariter junctis querimonia primum,
Poſt etiam incluſa eſt voti ſententia compos.
Quis tamen exiguos Elegos emiſerit auctor,
Grammatici certant, *et adhuc ſub judice lis eſt.*

Archilochum proprio rabies *armavit* iambo;
Hunc ſocci *cepêre pedem, grandéſque* cothurni,
Alternis aptum ſermonibus, et populares
Vincentem ſtrepitus, et natum rebus agendis.

Muſa dedit fidibus Divos, puerόſque Deorum,
Et pugilem victorem, et equum certamine primum,

Now gayer Subjects animate his Strings,
The Lover's Fires, and Victor's Wreaths he ſings;
Hark, how the Joy-inſpiring Concords roll!
Exalt our Mirth, and all our Cares controul.
Whilſt in his Royal * *Macedonian*'s Feaſt
Th'almighty Pow'r of Harmony's expreſt,
Our Joy and Grief, our Tranſport and Deſpair,
Wait on each Touch, and change with ev'ry Air.
Stupendous Maſter! now, amaz'd, we ſee
All that was *feign'd* of *Orpheus true* of Thee.
Let *Pope* and *Handel* then, with Siſter Arts,
At once improve your Joys, and mend your Hearts;
When ſuch Delights your leiſure Moments know,
Virtue and Wiſdom from Amuſement flow.

If theſe firſt Principles, which all reſpect,
I know not, or I, knowing 'em, neglect;
If in the Picture of my Life you view
Neither the Drawing, nor the Col'ring true;
If, alike ign'rant to conduct or plan,
I blunder on --- why am I ſtil'd a *Man?*
Or why, thro' baſhful Folly do I ſlight,
The Artiſt's Pen, that points me to the Right.

With that due Rank which Heav'n has fated thee,
Still let thy language, and thy Garb agree;
I hate a prink'd-out *Valet* ſhould produce
His Lord's fine Phraſe, unwitting of its Uſe;

And

* *Vide* Alexander's Feaſt, *an Ode; ſet to Muſick by Mr.* Handel.

Et juvenum curas, *et* libera vina referre.

Deſcriptas ſervare vices, operúmque colores,

Cur ego, ſi nequeo, ignoróque, Poëta ſalutor?
Cur neſcire, pudens prave, quam diſcere malo?

Singula quæque locum teneant ſortita decenter.
Verſibus exponi Tragicis Res comica non vult.

And rage to find a *Pillar* of the *State*,
Dreſs like a *Valet*, like a *Valet* prate;
Not but ſometimes, ſhould *Phœbus* deign his Fire,
A *Duck* or *Dodſley* may to Rhyme aſpire;
And Noble Lords, for ſake of wholſom Glee,
Facetious *Bodens*, club their Jokes with thee.

A turn'd-out Courtier, or an exil'd Chief,
In mild Remonſtrances ſhould ſpeak their Grief:
If anxious to engage the Factious Throng,
Or raiſe our juſt Reſentments for their Wrong.

'Tis not enough your Life ſhould barely prove
Decent and juſt, *adorn* it too with *Love*.
Love intereſting, gen'rous, unconfin'd,
That Social Chain which links us to the Kind;
Illumines all we do, and all we ſpeak,
Beams in the Eye, and ſmiles upon the Cheek,
Employs each Hand, engages ev'ry Heart
To act the Parent's, Friend's, or Patron's Part;
Shines like the Sun impartial o'er the whole,
With Rays attractive joining *Soul* to *Soul*.

We laugh or weep, as our Companions do,
Tranſplant their Looks, nay catch their Paſſions too.
If then you'd make me Partner in your Woe,
With unfeign'd Anguiſh firſt your Tears muſt flow,
Then your Misfortunes melt my pitying Breaſt,
And ſympathetick Sorrows ſtand confeſs'd.

Indignatur item privatis, ac prope Socco
Dignis Carminibus narrari Cœna Thyeſtæ:
Interdum tamen et Vocem Comœdia tollit,
Iratúſque Chremes tumido delitigat Ore;
Et tragicus *plerumque dolet* Sermone pedeſtri.

Telephus et Peleus, cum pauper, et exſul uterque,
Projicit Ampullas, et ſeſquipedalia Verba,
Si curat cor ſpectantis tetigiſſe Querela.

Non ſatis eſt pulchra *eſſe Poemata,* Dulcia *ſunto,*
Et quocunque volent animum Auditoris agunto.

Ut ridentibus arrident, ita flentibus adſunt
Humani Vultus. Si vis me flere, dolendum eſt
Primum ipſi tibi; tunc tua me infortunia lædent.

But Nature's honeſt Dictates if you ſlight,
And neither feel, nor ſpeak your Part aright,
Bedoz'd I ſlumber, or I laugh downright.

The Face ſhould be an *Index* to the Breaſt,
The Speech a *Comment* on what's *there* impreſs'd;
When Tears flow plenteous from the grief-ſwoln Eye,
Then plaintive Terms beſt ſuit the Agony;
Threats, furious Threats the Ireful Looks become,
Grave Words the Serious, the Laſcivious --- *Mum.*

For plaſtic Nature faſhions firſt the Mind,
To Fortune's each Viciſſitude inclin'd,
Now wings it heav'n-ward with extatic Mirth,
Now weighs it down with Anguiſh to the Earth;
With Rage inflates it now to ſeek the Foe,
Now ſhews it melting at another's Woe;
Then tells each State, ſave 'midſt the *courtly Throng*,
By her elect Interpreter the Tongue:
When, therefore, *That* runs counter to the Heart,
For Nature's *Bullion* palms the *Mint* of Art,
Is *huſht*, the Soul's true Motions to conceal,
Or *buſy'd*, feign'd Affections to reveal,
Utters what ne'er was felt, what ne'er was thought,
And by the Brain, inſtead of Breaſt, is taught,
We break thro' Truth and Reaſon's ſacred Rules,
And fall from Senſe for fear of being Fools:
Whilſt the ſole Profit of the poor Diſguiſe
Is the loud Laughter of the Brave, and Wiſe.

Telephe, vel Peleu, malè ſi mandata loquêris,
Aut dormitabo *aut* ridebo ----

------ *Triſtia Mœſtum*
Vultum verba decent; Iratum plena minarum;
Ludentem laſciva; Severum ſeria dictu.

Format enim Natura prius nos intus ad omnem
Fortunarum Habitum; Juvat, aut impellit ad Iram,
Aut ad humum Mœrore gravi deducit, et angit;

Poſt effert animi motus interprete Lingua.
Si dicentis erunt fortunis abſona dicta,

Romani tollent equites, peditéſque, cachinnum.

Not that harſh Truths ſhould always be avow'd,
Leſt while we'd ſeem *ſincere*, they ſwear we're *proud*.
I would not have young *Careleſs* hear me ſay,
'Tis wiſe to lay up for a rainy Day;
Nor old Sir *H---s*, whoſe Soul is plung'd in Oar,
That Gold can't ſhut the Grave againſt *Fourſcore*.
I would not mind proud *S---h* of her Age,
Nor prate 'gainſt Prating with the good Nurſe *P---e*.
Know well your Company before you're free,
Years, Fortunes, Climates, Manners diſagree,
Dutchman and *Frenchman*, YOU and Lord *Toupee*.

Gain, Party, Paſſion, Whim, ſo much prevail,
That few in drawing Characters but fail;
The ſafeſt way's a *Medium* to purſue,
Then, if not True, they'll be *akin* to True.
Don't ſay *Columbus* ne'er was *once* miſtaken,
Yet own he's wiſe enough to *ſave his Bacon*.
Call *Aquilo* a Courtier, not a Tool,
And make of *Syphax* nor a Saint, nor Fool.
Own *Atticus* is witty and polite,
But *quere* if his Conduct's always right?
Give *Cleon* a free Tongue, but no free Hand,
He loves his Country much, much more his *Land*.
But if ſome Character of ſpotleſs Fame,
One, like *your own*, you'd paint, *throughout* the *Same*;
Each lovely Feature *Henſol* will afford,
Learn'd, Social, and Sincere---- although a Lord;
Still *conſtant* to *himſelf* and to his *Friend*----
But hold---you'll hurt him if you thus commend.

Intererit multum Davúſne loquatur, an Heros:
Maturúſne Senex, an adhuc florente Juventa
Fervidus: --------

----- *an* matrona potens:
---------- *an* Sedula Nutrix:
Colchus, *an Aſſyrius: Thebis nutritus, an Argis.*

Aut famam ſequere, aut ſibi convenientia finge,
Scriptor.

----- Honoratum *ſi forte reponis* Achillem;
Impiger, Iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
Jura neget ſibi nata; nihil non arroget armis.
Sit Medea ferox invictaque; flebilis Ino;
Perfidus Ixion; Io vaga; triſtis Oreſtes.

Si quod in expertum Scenæ committis, et audes
Perſonam *formare* novam; *ſervetur* ad imum
Qualis ab incepto *proceſſerit, et* ſibi conſtet.

Difficile

To well-known Subjects your Diſcourſe confine,
'Tis hard on Themes untouch'd before to ſhine;
Beſides, few like --- except upon their Shelves ---
Acquaintance much more knowing than themſelves.
Rather old Stories with new Grace repeat,
Troy burnt, *Rome* built, or *Xenophon*'s Retreat;
Thus tho' the Carcaſe of the Fable's known,
The Dreſs and Moral make it quite your own.
But ne'er engage in any Party Squabble,
'Tis all Diſcordance, Folly, Tumult, Babble;
Proving, Defending, Jangling, Wrangling all,
Sir *Will*, Sir *Bill*, Sir *Robert*, and Sir *Paul*;
'Till plung'd ſo deep you know not to get out,
And, tho' convinc'd, muſt bluſh to turn about.

Nor, prompted by Vain-glory's fev'riſh Thirſt,
With Strangers toil to *ſhew away* at firſt;
And, like proud *Portius* in the Senate-Hall,
Start up and cry ---- *Come, Sirs, I'm at you all:*
For each you thus accoſt, each witling Elf,
Deeming he's quite as able as yourſelf,
Will watch your firſt, leaſt Slip, and cry with Scorn,
" The *Mountain* labour'd, and a *Mouſe* is born!
More prudent He who modeſtly ſets out,
Juſt moves a Queſtion, or juſt hints a Doubt;
" What News, Sirs, tell me? Is his Grace return'd
" Improv'd, from Trav'ling? -- Hah! the Houſe adjourn'd!
" Pray how's Sir *R--t?* --- He can't hold it long---
" Your Judgment, Sirs? Perhaps I'm in the wrong.
Then by degrees to nobler Themes aſpire,
Producing *Fire* from *Smoke*, not *Smoke* from *Fire*; Till

Difficile eſt propriè communia dicere: túque
Rectius Iliacum Carmen *deducis in actus,*
Quam ſi proferres Ignota indictaque *primus.*
Publica materies privati Juris *erit, ſi*
Nec circa vilem patulúmque moraberis orbem:
Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere, fidus
Interpres: nec deſilies imitator in arctum,
Unde pedem proferre pudor vetet, aut operis Lex.

Nec ſic incipies, ut Scriptor cyclicus olim:
Fortunam Priami cantabo, et nobile bellum.
Quid dignum tanto feret hic promiſſor hiatu?

Parturiunt montes; naſcetur ridiculus mus.

Quantò rectiùs hic, qui nil molitur ineptè!
Dic mihi, Muſa, virum, captæ poſt tempora Trojæ,
Qui mores hominum multorum vidit, et urbes.

Non fumum ex fulgore, ſed ex fumo dare lucem

Till the whole *Sun* of *Knowledge* cloudleſs ſhine,
And ev'ry Ear and ev'ry Tongue be thine.

Or, when free Wit and ſocial Mirth prevail,
If, in your Turn, you'd club your *hum'rous Tale*,
Don't mark each tedious winding Circumſtance,
Nor lead us from the *Orkneys* to *Penzance*;
But plunge into the middle of the Jeſt,
Spring to th' Event, and think we know the reſt.
Eye well whate'er preſents, its Force detect,
Strike what *will* ſhine, and what will *not* reject.
When thus, with Art, we Truth and Fiction blend,
Order and Grace will the whole Piece attend,
And link in one, *Beginning*, *Middle*, *End*.

FINIS.

Cogitat, ut ſpecioſa dehinc miracula promat.

Nec reditum Diomedis ab interitu Meleagri,
Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo.
Semper ad eventum feſtinat, et in medias res,
Non ſecus ac notas, auditorem rapit, et, quæ
Deſperat tractata niteſcere poſſe, relinquit.
Atque ita mentitur, ſic veris falſa remiſcet,
Primo ne medium, medio ne diſcrepet imum.

11 : 7 : 49

FINIS.

In the Preſs, and ſpeedily will be Publiſh'd,

The ART of LIFE.

EPISTLE *the* SECOND.

In the Preſs, and ſpeedily will be delivered to the Subſcribers, The WORKS, *in* Proſe *and* Verſe, *of Mr.* Miller. *To be printed in One Volume,* Quarto, *on a Superfine* Dutch *Royal-Paper.*

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